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A RAP AT THE RAPSODY.

Hic Niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto. Hor.

LONDON:

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[Price Six Pence.]

R A P

AT THE

R A P S O D Y.

DOCTOR, I thank you, for your Inkling,
How to turn Poet, in a Twinkling.
You've ſhewn, not only the Expedient,
But given me too, your beſt Ingredient.
Your RAP, amaz'd, I've read, and find
* *The powerful Influence* urge *my Mind.*
Your gilded Poiſons ſo provoke me,
That Words, if not be flown, would choke me!
What Nature may my Verſe deny,
Let Indignation's Warmth ſupply;

* *Vide* Rapſody, *p.* 7. *l.* 78.

For

For all your Precepts ſeem but this;
When Bladder's full --- Need makes one P---
Spout then, my Muſe! and ſpouting boaſt,
The doughty DEAN's thy Piſſing-Poſt;
Thus thy own Rules, that make me rail,
Have rais'd the Rod that twigs thy Tail:
So tickling *Tully*, once harangu'd him,
And rous'd the Pow'r that fairly hang'd him.
Since then the *Muſes* are become
Nine Holes of Eaſe, for ev'ry Bum;
Which Fool, or Knave with Reverend Parſon,
Has equal Right to ſet his A----ſe on,
No longer I'll my Power debate,
Need ſhould have Eaſe, at any rate.
Reprove not, Sir, my filthy Thinking,
'Tis the ſame ſtill I've ſmelt you ſtink in:
Your *Gulliver*, whoſe Wit, at beſt,
Makes God's Creation all a Jeſt;
In every Page, ſuch Vein diſcloſes,
That Clowns, thy Reader, hold their Noſes;
Therefore, though you this might be hard on,
We only ask the Reader's Pardon.

And

And now, dear Sir, why ſo unguarded,
T' inſiſt that Riming's unrewarded?
You Rime yourſelf; of * State can ſmatter;
Nay, in a certain Reign could flatter:
Yet can you ſay, that to your Teaching,
Your Poſt was owing, or your Preaching?
You know, be ſure, Sir, what I mean,
How ſwiftly you were made a DEAN!
Why, what if *Hiſtrio* wear the Laurel?
Is that ſuch mighty Cauſe of Quarrel?
If one bad Member ſhame a Science,
Buskin might bid the Band defiance.
Slight Wrong to Muſes that has been,
Our Church is ſafe, tho' *S*---'s a Dean.
W' are loth to think your pious Furor,
Leſs hates the Man, than his † *Non-Juror*.
Your Cloth already, once, has worn it,
And for your Holy Self! ---- you ſcorn it!
You'd rather comment on the Bible,
And ſtrain the Text to warrant Libel,
'Tis true, your Lyric-Brother's Quill
Might claim it, from ſuperior Skill;

* *Vide* Rapſody, *p.* 6. *l.* 51.

† *A Whig Play written by* Cibber, *for which he was made Laureat.*

But well you know his dear Religion
Can't make Incumbent's Noſe a Bridge on.
So We think honeſt Flatneſs better,
Than Praiſe ſublime, that veils a Satyr:
Yet this might paſs as venial Folly,
Your Cudgel hurts not callous Colley.

Tho' Prieſts of all Religions, are,
As *Dryden* ſweetly ſings, at *Par*:
Yet, *Satan*, ſay, from hence, to Hell ho!
Didſt thou e'er find the Doctor's Fellow?
Misborn, to do his Order Grace;
A merrier Paſtor never was!
Who turns his naked Muſe adrift,
On Scandal's open Seas---to ſhift.
Here now we might have Rim'd much better,
With Daſh---and ſmart Initial Letter:
Or hid, like Him, with---Blank, our Senſe,
In ſhew of baſhful---Impudence.
But his own Lines will take the Spark in,
As Dogs are known by diff'rent Barking.
Stand clear! he comes! like fierce *Drawcanſir*;
Nor ſpares or Kings, or Gods, or Man, Sir.

With two-edg'd Wit, and blind with Fury,
He mocks the Danger of a Jury.

Plainly to ſpeak th' Offence thou'ſt wrought,
Were almoſt to partake thy Fault:
No Laws we know, that bind the Muſe,
Like Raviſh'd Maids, point blank t'accuſe:
So foul thy Guilt, our Shame were leſs
To bear, than name thy Wickedneſs!
Thy canting Strains, and languid Praiſe
Too well the Traitor's Heart betrays.
Such hardy Wit, on Madneſs borders,
For ſhame! a *Harlequin* in Orders!
Was e'er Preferment ſuch a Jeſt!
A Wit! a Libertine! a Prieſt!

O falling Stage! how I bemoan thee!
That Fortune threw not Him upon thee!
How much he better to a Full-pit,
Might have held forth, than from a Pulpit!
For view him in the Church's Light,
He wants the Grace of Hypocrite:
So ill all Morals he diſſembles,
When his Gown's on---a good Man trembles!

So